

Chapter 0011

As early as five years ago, Belmont Hills had been included in the city's urban development plan. However, it was not demolished due to its remote location and limited development potential. Almost all the area's original residents have moved out, leaving only a few retirees and some low-income workers who rented a few cheap units. Moreover, there were almost no nearby amenities, just a small convenience store selling everyday goods.

The luxury convoy, bearing the 'ALEX' number plate, stopped slowly in front of the apartment building's entrance.

"Ah, ah..." In the back seat of the car, Amber looked at the apartment building's entrance, seemingly worried. Then, she quickly raised her hands, making rapid sign language gestures on her chest.

She said, "Alexander, please don't let the convoy enter, and don't allow these actors to get out of the cars! I'm touched by everything you've done, but my parents are quite traditional and don't like these superficial displays. If they find out the actors were hired and the convoy was rented, they'll be dissatisfied even if they don't say it out loud."

Alexander chuckled softly.

Rented and hired? He could not believe he had left such an impression on his wife.

After all, he was the Lord of War!

“Alright,” Alexander relented, not elaborating further. With a smile, he carried Olivia and got out of the car before waving casually to Maxine and walking into the apartment building with Amber.

In apartment building number two, unit 108, a run-down residence of less than 70 square meters, Patrick Chesire, the third son of the Chesire family, and his wife Susanne, had just finished preparing lunch.

They sat in silence and ate their meal, the atmosphere heavy.

“Grandpa, Grandma!” The door was pushed open, and Olivia ran in, her face filled with joy. “Look, Mommy and Daddy are back together. I have a Daddy now!”

What?!

Patrick shuddered and slowly raised his head in disbelief.

Susanne was also taken aback.

Olivia’s father?

A–Alexander?!

“Dad, Mom,” Alexander greeted as he and Amber entered the apartment. He deeply bowed to his in-laws, and his face showed both respect and guilt. “I’ve learned about what happened five years ago. Zoe was never really my wife, and the two of you are my true in-laws. I’ve been unfilial. I caused Amber and Olivia to suffer and put you both through hardship.”

Patrick's face twitched, looking like he wanted to say something. However, after glancing at Alexander's outfit, the camouflage attire and combat boots, he shook his head and stayed silent, returning his attention to his meal. 2

Susanne mustered a forced smile and nodded toward Alexander. She then signaled to Amber before carrying Olivia to the bedroom.

Amber's expression darkened. Although her parents did not say anything, their attitude was quite apparent. No matter what, Alexander married into the Chesire family. Despite returning from military service, he could not provide much financially. At best, he added an extra mouth to feed.

Thus, Amber's parents did not like their son-in-law at all.

Patrick remained silent for a long time. It was not until he finished all the food on his plate that he finally raised his head and said in a somber tone, "Amber, how much is the money you've saved from working these past years? Do you have four thousand five hundred dollars after deducting Olivia's kindergarten expenses?"

Amber's face turned a shade paler, and she nodded while biting her lip.

"Give it to me," Patrick uttered as he set down his fork and spoon, his expression darkening further. "You know, since we were expelled from the family by

Grandpa, I've been trying to figure out a way to return. Tomorrow is his

seventieth birthday, and I want to use this money to buy him a decent gift. I hope he'll like it..."

Amber's eyes welled up with tears, and she felt an indescribable sense of discomfort.

She had the money.

Zoe purposefully forced Amber into working at the bathhouse to humiliate her. However, she still got some tips from clients when giving them massages or occasionally playing the piano. Her income was not too pitiful, and she had saved up a few thousand dollars over these years.

2/3

+15 BONOS

However, Donovan was ruthless. He would never allow Amber's family to return with a gift worth a few thousand dollars!

"Money..." Alexander glanced at Patrick's expression and patted his pockets.

Oh, dear. How awkward.

When did he, the Lord of War, ever have to buy anything himself? Money was usually a trivial matter, but it was becoming a real problem at this moment.

Patrick watched Alexander reach into his pocket, and his eyes brightened slightly. However, when he saw that Alexander had retrieved nothing, the glimmer of hope disappeared. He shook his head in disappointment before turning back to the bedroom wordlessly.

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Alexander was embarrassed. It appeared he had just been judged by his father-in-law.

Amber bit her lip lightly and tugged at Alexander's sleeve. Then, she gestured at him which meant, "You spent your allowance on renting the cars and hiring actors, right? Don't waste money like that in the future. Find a job and work hard. Our lives will improve, and my parents won't look down on you."

She then tugged at Alexander's sleeve to lead him back to their room, locking the door.

Finally, some peace and quiet.

"Olivia is napping, and she'll be going to kindergarten this afternoon." Amber signaled, blushing slightly as she pointed to the double bed in the room. She gestured with her hands, indicating, "You should rest. We can look for work together in the afternoon. I won't work at the bathhouse anymore."

Alexander gazed at his shy wife, reminiscing about their passionate night five years ago. He opened his arms, his eyes burning with desire as he said, "Amber, come here."

Amber's face instantly reddened. She bit her lip, and her hands fidgeted nervously, making a few trembling hand signals. 2

"Alexander, don't... I'm not ready yet. Besides, I've not been feeling well these past few days," read her signs.

Alexander was stunned, but he quickly understood and laughed. Moving closer to Amber, he gently stroked her blushing cheek and whispered, "Amber, it's not what you think. Come on, open your mouth."

Amber was so shy that she wished she could find a hole to hide in. Even though he knew she was feeling unwell, he still asked her to...

Alexander was so naughty!

“Why is your face so red?” Alexander noticed Amber’s red cheeks, reaching out to gently touch her face in confusion. “Open your mouth. I learned some basic medical skills in the military, and I think I might be able to help with your throat.”

Amber was feeling even more embarrassed.

Why did he not just say he was going to check on her throat?!

Amber glanced at Alexander before closing her eyes and hesitantly parted her red lips.

“Hmm...” Alexander examined Amber’s throat, his eyes narrowing.

It was severe.

The flames and smoke from the car explosion five years ago had seriously damaged the tissues in her throat. While the visible wounds had mostly healed, the damage to her vocal cords could not be repaired, causing her to lose her voice.

In cases like this, conventional medicine could not provide a cure. Special needle treatment had limited efficacy, too.

There was only one solution to heal her throat completely.

The Skyflower.

The Skyflower was Serandsi’s national flower, with only a single plant in the world nurtured in the rear garden of Serandsi’s main palace by a dedicated

caretaker. The Serandsi people called it ‘The Language of the Heavens’ because of its remarkable effect on throat ailments.

It bloomed only once a year in September, spreading its fragrance throughout the entire palace for about 15 days.

Thankfully, it was September.

“I’m confident I can help you heal your throat,” Alexander said, tenderly caressing Amber’s hair. “I’ll be gone for a bit, but I should be back by eight tonight.”

Amber gazed into Alexander’s eyes, her expression seemingly filled with countless unspoken words. Ultimately, she raised her hands and made a few simple hand gestures, telling Alexander that she would make dinner tonight and have it ready for him when he returned.

Alexander smiled at Amber and said no more, heading out of the apartment.

To avoid unnecessary commotion, the Temple of War’s exclusive motorcade had departed from the Belmont Hills. Only a figure in red trailed respectfully behind Alexander and continued walking with him outside the apartment.

They kept going until the outskirts before Maxine hurried forward and slightly bowed, “Your Lordship.”

Alexander’s eyes shone with determination as he ordered Maxine, “Amber’s throat is damaged, and only the Skyflower can heal it. Assemble all the Four

Gather them at Serandsi Palace three hours from now. I must have a talk with the ruler of Serandsi. No matter what he says, I’ll have the Skyflower.”

Maxine swiftly pulled out her phone to issue the orders through the Temple of War’s internal channels. Then, she turned and looked to the far north, ready for the fight.

During the battle in the northern region years ago, Alexander himself had taken action, slaying Serandsi's ten Lords of War, defeating the elite 50000-strong Serandsi Army, forcing the ruler of Serandsi to seek peace.

Since then, they had not dared to trespass the Wyverna border again. However, it was different this time...

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Even if they sought peace once more, it would not suffice. They needed to surrender the Skyflower or face annihilation.

About three hours later, the capital of Serandsi was in chaos. Over a dozen stealth aircraft had broken through the surveillance and launched a surprise attack on Serandsi.

Serandsi Palace was shrouded in smoke, flames reaching the skies.

Alexander personally led the Four Dukes of War, Seven Barons of War, and 108 Generals, taking less than half an hour to defeat the 8000 elite troops of Serandsi. They killed the marshal, ten Lords of War, and over 30 generals...

Serandsi suffered devastating losses, with at least two-thirds of their top forces lost in action. More than half of those losses were directly caused by Alexander. After this battle, Serandsi was left severely weakened. Without a decade or more of recovery, they had no hope of regaining their strength!

The world stood in shock.



“Find out everything for me! What’s Alexander up to again?” Angry roars, one after another, echoed across North Mureica, the Eunora nations, the frigid Arctica, and the boundless desert...

In heavily guarded war rooms, military bases kept secret from the public, and highly classified military channels, the furious shouts resounded in the ears of high-ranking military officials.

The incident was nothing short of shocking.

The Temple of War’s attack on Serandsi, the destruction of Serandsi Palace, and the complete absence of casualties delivered a devastating blow to Serandsi in less than 28 minutes.

The power held by the Temple of War, or more accurately, by Alexander, was terrifying. It was simply unbelievable!

The world’s major powers, including Wyverna, had all their intelligence agencies working around the clock, frantically investigating everything that happened.

They speculated that the ambitious ruler of Serandsi must have provoked Alexander in some way. Otherwise, why would the Temple of War launch this

As the world’s powerhouses scrambled to investigate the Temple of War’s actions, Alexander was already flying back to Wyverna in a Chaos Dragon fighter jet.

He held a pink flower resembling an edelweiss in his left hand and a flight communicator in his right hand. He smiled and spoke, “Your Majesty, it’s just a minor matter. Don’t worry, I was just there to pick a flower, but Abraham didn’t seem to know his place and wanted to fight me.”

Alexander continued, “He was clearly no match for me, so I burned down his Serandsi Palace to remind him. That’s all.”

On the other end of the phone, Regulus Windsor, the highly esteemed ruler of Wyverna, listened to Alexander’s casual laughter. Even with half his wits, he could guess that the flower Alexander was talking about was undoubtedly Serandsi’s national flower, the one and only in the entire world.

“Alex, don’t you know that your immense power has disrupted the balance between the major nations? It led to you staying away from the front lines and forming the Temple of War. Not even two quiet years have passed, and you nearly annihilated Serandsi. This only makes the powerhouses even more tense!” Regulus was a little exasperated.

“Those fossils have been calling me like crazy, asking if I sent you on some secret mission and whether you’d go after them,” Regulus continued, chuckling. They’re all terrified of you.”

Alexander smiled. The ‘fossils’ Regulus referred to were the rulers of Wyverna’s enemies, but this time, they had guessed wrong.

The Temple of War could not care less about them. After all, the ruler of Serandsi had surrendered, and the Skyflower was in hand.

This mission was a complete success.

“Tell them to stop guessing aimlessly,” Alexander replied, gripping his communicator. “Let them know that as long as they don’t provoke Wyverna, the Temple of War won’t trouble them either. If anyone dares to covet Wyverna, Serandsi Palace today will be their fate. Those who harm Wyverna will be punished.”

Regulus was immensely relieved. He was grateful that Wyverna had the Temple of War, an organization fiercely loyal to Wyverna and ruthless against its enemies, all thanks to Alexander.

Alexander ended the call and sat in the cockpit, toying with the pink exotic flower in his hand anticipatingly.

With the Skyflower in hand, there was hope for Amber's throat. By modern medical techniques and a thorough rehabilitation of her throat's blood vessels and nerves, coupled with the ingestion of the flower's stem juice, Amber's voice could be completely restored.

Her voice, her joy, her smile...

Today's operation was worth it.

He destroyed a nation, all for her happiness.

## Chapter 0014

It was already 9.30 p.m. in the quiet Belmont Hills, and the soon-to-be-demolished dilapidated buildings appeared even more eerie under the moonlight.

Except for Olivia, none of the Cheshire family were asleep yet.

Patrick and Susanne solemnly sat in the living room. The pale-faced Amber occasionally looked up at the small gold statue of Hygieia, the goddess of health, on the dining table. Her gaze was filled with sorrow.

They had made a mistake.

Earlier this afternoon, Amber had used her hard-earned savings of 4500 dollars to buy the statue, planning to give it to Donovan as a birthday gift the following day. However, everything changed just moments ago.

Donovan called, scolding Patrick and banning him and Susanne from attending his birthday celebration. Not only that, but he also cut all ties with Patrick.

Donovan's anger flared as he recounted all of Alexander's recent misdeeds of causing trouble at the Tempest Hound Stadium and violently beating up Herbert and Elliot...

Alexander had effectively soured relations with the Dorvall family.

"Alexander made too much of a mess this time!" Patrick grew angrier by the second, slapping the table.

Ever since their expulsion from the Cheshire family, Patrick had been holding onto the faint hope that Donovan would allow their family to return home. This birthday celebration was supposed to be their best chance.

Unfortunately, Alexander's return changed everything. He stirred up a massive storm, jeopardizing their only chance of rejoining the Cheshire family.

They would never be welcomed back at this rate.

Susanne gleaned at Amber and said nervously, "Grandpa says you should take Olivia and Alexander to his birthday celebration. You need to explain everything in person and make amends with Herbert and Elliot. You shouldn't worry about anything. If Grandpa wants to blame anyone, and if the Dorvall family seeks revenge, let Alexander face the consequences on his own."

Amber's face grew even paler. She bit her lip and, with trembling hands, began to sign.

“Mom, Dad... Alex and I-“!

Knock, knock, knock!

The knock on the door interrupted Amber.

Patrick opened the door, and his fury was evident when he saw Alexander. “It’s you!”

This good-for-nothing neglected his responsibilities. Instead of looking for work, he vanished for hours, leaving Amber and Olivia waiting for dinner until well past eight!

Patrick could not help but wonder if Alexander still considered this place home, or if he still considered Amber and her family as his own.

Patrick would rather have his daughter marry a dog. Dogs would know to guard their homes, at least!

“Mom, Dad,” Alexander greeted as he walked into the living room. He saw the small gold Hygieia on the dining table and instantly understood.

They must have been discussing Donovan’s birthday celebration tomorrow and even bought a gift.

“Tomorrow, you, Amber, and Olivia will attend the birthday celebration,” Patrick said, his gaze locked onto Alexander’s eyes. His fists clenched and then relaxed, repeating the pattern. Finally, he turned to look at Amber, who was as pale as a ghost, angrily adding, “When the time comes, bring that small gold Hygieia statue. Plead with Grandpa to show mercy, and hopefully, he’ll cut you some slack. As for the Dorvall family... You’re on your own!”

Patrick huffed and grabbed Susanne, and they walked back to their room.

Alexander turned his attention to Amber and pulled out the Skyflower from his pocket with a smile. “Amber, I went to Serandsi this afternoon. This is...”

Amber tightly covered her ears, tears streaming uncontrollably.

He was lying. He was lying all over again!

The frantic Amber gestured at Alexander, saying, “Alexander, I don’t mind that you’re a good-for-nothing! You lost your parents in that car accident, had no choice but to marry into the Chesire family, and become my husband. I accept that! I’ve accepted all of it! But when you enlisted and went off to war, after all these years of battle, can’t you be a bit more mature and responsible? Can’t you show some stability? Hiring a convoy and proposing to me was moving and thoughtful, and I’m grateful for that, but those are just superficial gestures!”

Amber stopped for a moment as she was too emotional. Then, she continued, The truth is, you’ve offended the Dorvall family and Grandpa. I can stand by your side and face the consequences with you, but you need to man up and face everything head-on! A trip to Serandsi? Why don’t you say you went to outer space? How long will you keep lying to me?”

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Alexander fell silent and slowly put away Skyflower.

There was a glint of cold determination in his eyes. He was ready to give Donovan and the Dorvall family a piece of his mind.

The next morning, at the Ol’ Mare Seaside Grand Hotel.

The top-floor luxurious banquet hall was filled with people. The air was vibrant with the chorus of birthday well-wishers, which made a lively atmosphere.

The Chesire family's head butler, Ben Cosgrove, greeted the guests at the entrance with a smile, exclaiming, "The Ol' Mare's Sinclair family gifted an emerald Hygieia for Sir Chesire, wishing him a long life and happiness!"

"The Wintour family is here to wish Sir Chesire a great birthday, presenting a portrait by a well-known artist!"

"The Chesterfields gifted a gold Caerus statue, wishing Sir Chesire all the luck in the world..."

Donovan, seated at the head of the banquet table, beamed with delight.

"Ahem!" Only when all the guests were seated did Donovan clear his throat, raising his hands and smiling before adding, "Thank you all for joining me, despite your busy schedules, to celebrate my seventieth birthday. I recognize that my Chesire family is considered a second-tier family in Ol' Mare, and your presence here is a great honor to me!"

"Thank you!"

"You're most welcome!"

The hall erupted into applause and cheers as the guests expressed their appreciation.

Some could not help but praise the Chesire family.

“While the Chesire family may be a second-tier family in Ol’ Mare, we all know Sir Chesire is esteemed and has the support of the Chesire family clan in Mosgas, the Capital, a renowned and prestigious family of Wyverna!”

“That’s right! Sir Chesire also has an outstanding granddaughter, Miss Zoe. With her around, the Chesire family will definitely be among the top soon!”

“I heard that Miss Zoe has divorced that worthless Alexander. Since Mister Herbert is dating Miss Zoe, I bet good news is just around the corner, right?”

“We’re all happy to hear that Dorvall and Chesire families are joining forces. Congratulations!”

Donovan was pleased by the endless commentaries, and his smile grew wider as he listened to their compliments. However, for some reason, he frowned when the Chesire family was mentioned, but it quickly smoothed out.

The guests, at least, did not seem to notice anything unusual.

Except for Zoe.

Sitting on either side of Donovan were Zoe and Herbert. They exchanged glances and, with hands over their mouths, giggled.

Zoe began, “Grandpa, your seventieth birthday is such a significant event, but it seems some people are being disrespectful. Don’t Alexander and Amber know what day it is? They dare not show you the respect you deserve on your special day. How disrespectful! Don’t you think they should be punished?”

The entire banquet hall fell into an uneasy silence. Many of them knew the history of the Chesire family.



It all began five years ago. Donovan, facing a shortage of male heirs in the Chesire family, decided both Amber and Zoe should get married to secure the family's future. Whoever bore a son would become the future head of the Chesire family and inherit everything.

Then, a car accident left Amber with a damaged throat, rendering her mute. Patrick spent the family's wealth trying to heal her, which broke a major Chesire family taboo.

Subsequently, Amber was manipulated by Zoe, who arranged for her to marry Alexander. A passionate night together resulted in the birth of Olivia. Influenced by Zoe, Donovan mercilessly exiled Amber and her family, declaring they would have no further relations with the Chesire family.

"Hmph!" Donovan glared at the main entrance of the banquet hall.

He had already called Alexander and Amber to ask them to come and apologize. However, there were no signs of them despite it being almost noon, with the banquet about to begin.

This infuriated Donovan.

"Sir Chesire, calm down," Herbert commented, noticing Donovan's expression.

Now show me up.

willing to handle it as long as you give the word. I can send someone to sort their family out nicely for you. Just tell me if you want them dead or alive."

Donovan cleared his throat, saying, "As the Chesire family's son-in-law, Alexander Kane has acted recklessly and caused trouble. I hereby announce that the Chesire and Dorvall families are united against him. When you see Alexander, don't hold back! Just..."

“Just what?” came an unexpected shout from the entrance of the banquet hall, silencing Donovan instantly.

Chapter 0016

Swoosh

Everyone turned and looked in the direction of the voice.

It was Alexander!

He was carrying Olivia while holding Amber’s hand, striding boldly through the main entrance and walking to the main banquet table. He stared coldly at Donovan, then glanced at Zoe and Herbert with a gaze as sharp as a blade.

The atmosphere was charged with an unapologetic, palpable sense of danger.

If Donovan was not Amber’s grandfather, he might have met his end now!

“It’s you!” Donovan’s wrinkled face contorted in anger.

This was indeed Alexander, the worthless man who married into the Chesire family five years ago. He failed to make any notable progress, ended up sailing ships, and caused a huge disaster.

“How dare you show up here?” Herbert and Zoe glared disdainfully at Alexander, casually casting a look at Amber. Their voices dripped with mockery as they

continued, “What’s this? Have you become brave enough to challenge Sir Chesire? Do you have a death wish?”

The guests exchanged looks, including Cassius Kane’s wife, Winona. She was seated at a nearby table, looking at Alexander and Amber in shock.

What on earth was happening? Was that worthless Alexander picking a fight with Donovan?

Did he have a death wish?!

“Do you want to die?” Donovan’s gaze was venomous as he stared at Alexander, shouting, “Just what, you ask? Well, I’ll tell you, then! If any Dorvall or Chesire family members bump into you, they should immediately take action! They can do however they like without any consequences! Even if they kill you, that’s on you!”

Amber’s mind buzzed, and her pretty face turned ghostly pale.

This was a disaster! Donovan was furious and had torn up all pretenses!

In Ol’ Mare, the Chesire family was considered second-tier, while the Dorvall family was top-tier. Combining the influence of these two families to deal with someone like Alexander was like a piece of cake!

What about her, her parents, and Olivia?

Her whole family would be implicated!

Alexander had really done it this time... The trouble he caused this time was irreversible!

Amid the chaos, Amber desperately shook off Alexander’s hand and turned to Donovan pleadingly. She uttered hoarse cries and made a series of frantic sign language gestures.

“Grandpa, please, spare our family... Spare Alex! I apologize on his behalf!”

Tears streamed down her face as she appeared on the verge of kneeling before Donovan.

However...

“Amber, don’t you dare kneel!” Alexander extended his hand to support her, gazing directly at Donovan. His eyes scanned the entire room and spoke coldly, ” Ladies and gentlemen, do you think I’m in the wrong, or Sir Chesire? If you believe I’m at fault, speak up. I’m all ears! If you believe Sir Chesire is wrong, leave quickly to avoid your clothes getting stained with the blood that will spill!”

The audience fell silent, but laughter quickly erupted.

“He married into the Chesire family, yet he wants to make blood spill? Who does he think he is?”

“This birthday celebration is indeed worth attending! We got to see a lunatic!”

“He really thinks the Chesire and Dorvall families are easy to mess with? What an absurd statement; it’s hilarious!”

Amber grew increasingly panicked. She tugged at Alexander’s sleeves and signaled to him desperately.

“Alex, have you lost your mind? Let go of me! I need to kneel to Grandpa and apologize. Otherwise, you won’t live to see another day!”

Alexander took a deep breath, his determination unwavering.

These clowns have had their fun for long enough!

“Today is Sir Chesire’s seventieth birthday, and I came here with my wife and daughter to celebrate,” Alexander declared, his voice steady. “To fight or kill is a matter for later. But before we get to that, let’s at least offer a birthday gift in celebration. Here’s to Sir Chesire’s bright future! Bring it in!”

Boom! A deafening crash erupted from the entrance of the banquet hall.

It was a glistening mahogany casket!

Clad in fiery red battle armor, Maxine strode ahead, leading four of Alexander’s armed guards carrying the casket. They smashed through the banquet hall doors, placed the coffin in the center of the room, and roared in unison. “Sir Chesire, your birthday gift has arrived. Please accept it!”

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“A mahogany casket?!” The entire banquet hall was in shock.

What was Alexander thinking, giving Donovan a birthday gift like this?! If he showed no repentance, Donovan would never show mercy!

Donovan’s face was so ashen that everyone thought he might have a heart attack.

“You are out of your mind, Alexander!” Donovan roared, his face contorted in anger.

What a way to ruin his seventieth birthday. The feast had not even begun, and Alexander had completely disrupted it. This was simply unacceptable!

Alexander would pay for this!

“Sir Chesire, it seems you’re quite fond of this mahogany casket,” mused Alexander as he stared at Donovan’s livid expression proudly. Then, he continued, “My wife and my daughter suffered for five years. After years of military service defending the North, I’m finally back. How do you feel about that? Donovan, it’s your turn to speak!”

Donovan was fuming, trembling as he shouted, “You’re outrageous! Alexander, do you really think I won’t kill you?”

Around him, many of the Chesire family relatives, as well as the closest guests, joined in with accusations and berated Alexander.

“Alexander, you’ve gone too far!”

“Disrespecting someone in a higher position is a crime that deserves death!”

“Mister Dorvall, you have to say something. How should we deal with Alexander? We can’t let him leave here alive!”

Herbert had an evil grin on his face and spoke with a stern tone, “Alexander, you

“I haven’t settled my score with you yet!” Alexander turned to Herbert, his gaze cold, and said, “You and Zoe are truly despicable! Olivia’s fifth birthday is in seven days, and I want both you and Zoe to kneel at the entrance during her birthday banquet and bow a thousand times, begging for her forgiveness. Otherwise, I’ll annihilate the entire Dorvall family!”

Herbert was furious.

Donovan punched the main banquet table, and his temper was on the verge of

The guests stared at Alexander incredulously as if they were seeing this man for the first time.

Alexander was insane, and genuinely so!

Setting a seven-day ultimatum for Herbert, gifting Donovan a mahogany casket, and threatening to wipe out the entire Dorvall family?

He had gone beyond madness; he was a complete lunatic!

Amber desperately tugged at Alexander's sleeve as tears streamed down her face.

'Alex, don't you realize what you're doing? It's too late to apologize now; even kneeling and begging won't work! We could've talked it out and found a solution together. Why... Why are you so foolish?!'

"I've said what I need to," Alexander continued, ignoring the judging gazes around him and seemingly unfazed. "Remember, your fate is in your own hands. The deadline is just seven days!"

With that, Alexander immediately left, holding the pale-faced Olivia in his arms and Amber.

Herbert's eyes were bloodshot, and he growled, "Alexander!"

The family of three had already exited the grand banquet hall, taken the elevator down, and walked out of the hotel's main entrance.

The warm sunlight shone brightly, and everything seemed clearer.

Maxine and the four armed guards all bowed respectfully, greeting, “M–Mister Kane, Miss Chesire.. Is there anything else you’d like to command? We’re at your service.”

Alexander smiled at how quick-witted Maxine was. He did not need to say anything for her to naturally call him ‘Mister Kane‘.

He could definitely get used to the title.

Still in shock, Amber raised her trembling hands as if attempting to use sign language.

“Amber...” Alexander gently shook his head, reaching into his pocket and taking out the Skyflower again.

When he first brought out the Skyflower last night, Amber had covered her ears, unwilling to listen to his explanation. Even before coming to the birthday celebration, Amber was in a gloomy mood, and they shared the ride in silence.

He could finally reveal this unique flower to his beloved Amber.

It was not to show off. It was a gesture of love and, most importantly, a ray of hope for Amber to speak again.

“This flower can help your throat recover, allowing you to regain your voice,” Alexander explained as he held the flower stem carefully and placed it into Amber’s hands. His eyes were filled with boundless affection as he added, “Don’t worry; trust me. We’re going to the hospital now. In no more than two hours, I want to hear you call my name.”

Amber held the Skyflower and stared at this man overflowing with deep affection. Her lips moved slightly, and her eyes gradually filled with tears.

‘Alex... Can I really speak? Is this flower truly as miraculous as you say? I’m not sure about this, but I’m willing to give it a try!!



“Let’s go!” Alexander took Amber’s hand, and they both got into the limousine parked by the roadside. They headed toward Ol’ Mare Hospital.

Alexander did not want to waste a single second and rushed to get Amber treated.

Ol’ Mare Hospital was on lockdown, with more than 500 heavily armed elite soldiers guarding the hospital. Anyone, including the doctors, was forbidden to make noise. Besides the emergency routes for treating patients, all other entrances and exits were sealed shut.

This tight security was all for the arrival of one man—the Lord of War, Alexander.

Zachary Kramer, the hospital’s director, accompanied by two assistant directors and several highly respected senior doctors from the ENT department, approached a soldier cautiously.

With a forced smile, Zachary asked, “May I ask which division you belong to and who the commanding officer is? What exactly is the Temple of War? We’ve never heard of it before.”

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The young soldier snorted and replied, “Don’t ask what you shouldn’t. Just focus on treating Her Ladyship’s throat, and you’ll be handsomely rewarded.”

Zachary nodded repeatedly, not daring to utter another word. His back was already drenched in cold sweat. This morning, these soldiers had imposed a strict lockdown on the hospital without any room for negotiation. Then, he made an immediate call to the Ol’ Mare Military for clarification.

To Zachary's shock, the commander-in-chief Steve Gonzales, a battle-hardened general with three golden stars on his shoulder, was tight-lipped. Steve even cautioned Zachary to handle the situation with the utmost care and not to delay the treatment at any cost.

Not only that, but Steve also ordered the best doctors available to be called in. Moreover, the best medical practices were to be applied to ensure the young lady's throat would be healed.

Suddenly, an anxious and angry shout disrupted Zachary's thoughts.

"Where's Doctor Cavill? Where is he?" A middle-aged man in an expensive suit stood at the entrance of the pediatrics department, accompanied by three imposing bodyguards.

Ignoring the soldiers blocking the way, the man repeatedly shouted at the elderly doctor who had been with Zachary earlier. "Doctor Cavill, what's going on? Weren't you supposed to treat my son? I won't see any other doctor; it must be you! Do you think you're above the Chesire family? If you delay my son's treatment, I'll make sure you pay with your life!"

Zachary's face instantly ashen, and he was about to respond when two soldiers promptly appeared before the man, crossing their arms in front of him intimidatingly.

"Those who dare to disturb the treatment of our Lady will face no mercy!"

Seeing these two burly soldiers, the man from the Chesire family was immediately filled with rage.

Who were these soldiers, and how dare they block his way?

“Do you know who I am? Do you know who my close friend is? General Gonzales, the commander-in-chief of the Ol‘ Mare Military, is a dear friend of the Chesire family! You’ll regret disrespecting me! With just a phone call, you’ll be homeless! Get out of my way now!”

The man shouted rudely, shoving the two soldiers aggressively.

At the same time, the screeching sound of brakes echoed through the air.

A Rolls-Royce sporting a custom ‘ALEX‘ license plate smoothly pulled into the hospital’s entrance and came to a steady halt before Zachary and the others.

This was the Lord of War’s private car.

Alexander stepped out and called out, “Amber, Olivia, come with me.”

Zachary, the two assistant hospital directors, and several senior doctors hurried forward to greet them respectfully.

“Are you Mister Kane? Is this Miss Chesire?” Zachary asked, “I’m Zachary Kramer, and these are some of the finest experts in our ENT department. We’ll do our best to treat Miss Chesire’s throat.”

Alexander nodded slowly, replying, “Good! As long as you-”

He was cut off by a voice in the distance.

It was the man from the Chesire family, who observed the situation. “Tch! I was just wondering who it was, but it was you! Alexander, Amber, open your eyes and take a good look at who I am!”

Alexander turned to look, his gaze growing icy. It was none other than Neil Chesire, Patrick's eldest brother and Amber's uncle.

"You worthless piece of shit!" Neil yelled, forcefully pushing aside the two soldiers in his path and rushing forward with three Chesire family bodyguards. He berated Alexander angrily, "Just because you're connected to the military, you think you can pretend to be someone so important?!"

"My son has hand, foot, and mouth disease, with blisters around his mouth and ulcers in his throat. He's here for treatment! No wonder Doctor Cavill refused to treat him. He was waiting here for you all along! If my son's condition worsens because of this delay, you'll have to take responsibility for it!"

Alexander realized he had not seen Neil at Donovan's birthday celebration. It seemed Neil was here to get his son treated at the hospital. He seemed to have inherited Donovan's charming traits; both were foul-mouthed and egotistical.

The father and son truly resembled each other, recklessly ignorant of their own limits.

Holding Olivia, Amber glanced at Alexander and Neil helplessly in the face of this unexpected reunion. They had come to the hospital with high hopes for with Patrick for the family's inheritance.

Eventually, Donovan passed the inheritance to the next generation in response to their heated disputes, which led to the son-in-law matter.

With Neil blocking their path, how could they proceed with the throat treatment?

Perhaps this treatment would be delayed for another day.

Amber placed Olivia on the ground and tugged at Alexander's sleeve, signaling her thoughts using hand gestures.

“Alex, let’s go. We’ll let your Uncle Neil tend to his son for now. I’ve been unable to speak for so long; we can afford to wait a bit. We can come back another day.”

“No need.” Alexander shook his head, smiling. He lifted Olivia into his arms and held Amber’s delicate hand, heading straight toward the hospital building.

As for Neil? He was nothing more than an insignificant insect, not worth his attention.

## Chapter 0019

“What the fuck!” Neil cursed under his breath, furious. “Do you think you can act all high and mighty in front of me? Do you think you can disrespect me?”

Neil glared at Alexander’s receding figure, gnashing his teeth in frustration. “Are you showing off just because you’ve returned from the military, with soldiers to back you up? I’ll have you know that General Gonzales, the head of Ol’ Mare Military, is my friend! With just a word, he can make you disappear!”

Alexander paused in his steps and could not help but chuckle at Neil’s theatrics. Turning to face Neil, he taunted, “He can make me disappear with just a word, you say? Is Steve Gonzales really your friend? Uncle Neil, I’m a coward. Don’t scare me!”

Neil swiftly retrieved his phone, his frustration evident as he exclaimed, “Oh? You think you have the upper hand? Just wait!”

He glared at Alexander before swiftly locating Steve's phone number in his contact list. With a tap on the screen, he dialed the number. After about 15 seconds, the call connected. Steve's deep, serious voice resonated through the phone.

"Neil, what's going on? I've told you numerous times not to call my personal number without a good reason. I'm quite busy today with an important issue. Whatever it is, we'll have to discuss it another time."

Neil became tense, but he continued, "General Gonzales, please don't hang up. It's just something trivial. Your soldiers are causing a commotion at Ol' Mare Hospital, delaying my son's treatment. I thought I should inform you, just to protect your reputation. If this news gets out, it won't look good for you."

On the other end of the line, Steve, clad in full military uniform with three golden stars on his shoulders, suddenly jolted. "Repeat that for me, Neil. Where is this happening?"

"Ol' Mare Hospital," Neil repeated, confused. "Where else would I take my son for treatment? I-"

Steve clenched the phone tightly, cursing Neil for being an idiot. Did he not notice the soldiers' unit number? These soldiers were from the Temple of War. They were Alexander's elite troops, not his!

Steve ordered through gritted teeth, "Stay there! Don't say a word or move an inch. I'll be there in a moment."

Beep! The call was abruptly terminated.

Neil stood still, holding his phone and staring at it blankly. Long after the call had ended, he looked at Alexander, laughing triumphantly, and said, “You’re in for a rough time, Alexander. General Gonzales is on his way! You thought you could act ali tough in front of me? How naive!” Neil chortled with glee.

Alexander, holding Olivia, smirked. “Alright, I’ll be waiting.”

Approximately 20 minutes later, a camouflaged SUV sped through the hospital gates.

It was Steve.

He had not even brought any guards, choosing to drive himself and rush to the scene. He quickly got out of the car and instantly spotted Alexander’s face.

His heart trembled.

Others might not know, but Steve was well aware. After all, as the highest- ranking military officer in Ol’ Mare, he knew that the young, handsome man before him was the legendary and invincible Lord of War, Alexander Kane. His accomplishments were world-renowned, and his status equaled that of the nation’s ruler.

Neil stood before Alexander, and his face lit up upon seeing Steve. He approached with three bodyguards and began praising, “General Gonzales, a simple order from you would have sufficed for such a minor incident. It’s truly an honor for you to come in person!”

Neil rambled, “When this is sorted out, how about we have tea together? I’ve had someone fetch a couple of ounces of invaluable tea from the Ixelle Mountains-”

A thunderous slap silenced Neil, leaving his mouth in a gory mess as he hurled out a mouthful of blood. His teeth were shattered, and his tongue was bloody. After spinning in the air a few times, Neil finally crash-landed, his mind buzzing.

Everyone, from Zachary and the two assistant directors to the Chesire family's bodyguards and even Amber, stared in shock and froze.

“U-Ugh...”

What on earth just happened?

Was Neil not supposed to be Steve's friend? Why did Steve slap Neil instead of Alexander?

The force in that slap was unbelievable!

“You idiot!” Steve yelled as he unleashed a flurry of punches and kicks that battered Neil into a quivering pulp, which left him on his back lifelessly.

Then, Steve delivered a mighty kick at the Chesire family's bodyguards, sending them flying. However, it did not stop there. Instead, he grabbed their ankles and effortlessly dragged them into his SUV alongside Neil, gave a curt nod of respect in Alexander's direction, and sped away.

Zachary and the others remained in a state of shock.

Steve's sudden appearance and swift exit took less than half a minute, and he said no more than a single sentence. He was quick and decisive, leaving no room for delay. With the bodies of the defeated in tow, he vanished without a trace...

Was this how he did things? It was unexpected, to say the least.

Amber, watching the departing SUV, gulped. Then, she slowly raised her hands as if trying to convey her questions through sign language. However, she hesitated, not knowing where to start.



Noticing Amber's adorable expression, he was downright smitten. He could not help but wonder what he would say if she had her voice.

Her laughter would surely be the most enchanting melody.

Alexander spoke with utmost seriousness to Zachary, "Doctor Kramer, you'll be the one performing the surgery on my wife. The procedure will be image-guided, and it's minimally invasive. It'll involve cleaning the surface of the scar tissue formed in the throat and meticulously sorting out the blood vessels and nerves. Finally..."

Alexander glanced at Amber and said softly, "Amber, please give it to him."

Amber nodded and retrieved the dainty, pink Skyflower from her pocket and handed it to Zachary with great care.

Zachary accepted the flower, closely examining it. He instantly began to sweat, trembling as he murmured, "I-It's—"

It was the world's only known specimen of the rare and exotic flower, the Skyflower. It was meticulously cultivated in Serandsi Palace and was their national flower!

Chapter 0020

"T-This flower..." Zachary held the Skyflower in his trembling hands and gazed at Alexander fearfully, gulping.

What a sight. The man before him had managed to acquire Serandsi's national flower!

What type of person was he?

Alexander cradled Olivia and gently waved at Zachary, saying, “Quickly, let’s not waste time and start the surgery immediately.”

Time was ticking, and they had to act swiftly.

With an order from Alexander, Zachary dared not hesitate. He promptly led the specialists into the surgical room to provide full treatment for Amber.

They cleaned the throat wound, repaired the damaged nerves, and administered the Skyflower extract.

The entire process took about an hour, and the outcome was just as expected.

“A–Alex... Olivia...”

In the VIP intensive care room, Amber’s once–pale face bore a faint blush. Lying on the hospital bed, she looked at the father–daughter by her side. She could not help but weep, overwhelmed with joy.

It had been five years since that fateful day when Amber risked her life to save Alexander from a car accident, and she lost her sweet voice. It had turned hoarse, ultimately silencing her altogether and rendering her unable to speak.

At last, she could talk to her husband and daughter like a normal person. She could finally speak to release the emotions that had long been trapped within her.

“Alex, Olivia...” Amber choked on her emotions. Tears streamed down her face as she repeatedly called out their names.

It was as though this was the most important part of her life.

“Mommy, you can finally speak! I can hear your voice, Mommy!” Olivia cried out, throwing herself into Amber’s embrace. Clinging to her mother, Olivia sobbed, her small body trembling as she wiped away her tears.

Olivia was overwhelmed with happiness. Finally, Amber could speak as Alexander brought the flower that healed her!

“Amber, Olivia...” Alexander watched this mother–daughter duo with deep and unwavering affection.

His beloved wife and daughter were the two people he was closest to in this world.

They deserved all the beauty and goodness the world had to offer, and he was determined to take them to the highest peaks, to stand atop the world, commanding admiration and infinite glory.

Alexander sat beside Amber’s hospital bed. He gazed at her fondly and said, “You’ve just had surgery. Even though your voice has been restored, you still need rest. Try not to speak too much for the time being.”

Amber nodded, her eyes welling up with tears. It was impossible to express her feelings. It was the joy of regaining something thought forever lost, a miracle beyond imagination.

With Olivia in her arms, Amber gradually sat up from the bed, her teary eyes filled with immense hope. “I’m not tired. My throat has just recovered, and I—I want to go home. I want to go back and let my parents hear my voice. I want to make them happy and share my joy with them!”

Alexander extended his arm and firmly pulled Olivia into his embrace. His strong, steady arm supported Amber's delicate figure.

"Let's go home, then!"

Meanwhile, in their apartment in Belmont Hills.

Patrick entered the house and instantly drank nearly all of the cold water prepared in a glass in one go, unable to hide the delight on his face.

Finally, it was done! For the past six months, he and Susanne fully dedicated themselves to Chesire Group. Despite being constantly suppressed by Zoe and tasked with the most demanding work, there was no doubt about his business insight, having served as the company's General Manager for over a decade.

Together with Susanne, they tirelessly planned, strategized, researched, and even socialized with clients.

Their efforts finally rewarded them immensely. After all, they secured the cooperation project with Ol' Mare's Severn Group and would sign the contract in three days!

"As long as we sign the contract, it'll be a monumental achievement that Dad can see!" Susanne's face was flushed with excitement, and she was on the brink of

Severn Group was the cornerstone company under the Severn family, an elite family in Ol' Mare. Without Patrick and Suzanne's tireless efforts, it would have been nearly impossible for a second-tier family like Chesire to establish cooperation with them.

It was no exaggeration to say that signing this contract would significantly elevate the Chesire family's opportunities, potentially pushing them into the ranks of Ol' Mare's elite families.

“With this achievement, we’ll have a chance to return to the family!” Patrick was thrilled, his heart burning with excitement.

There were two things worth celebrating for the day. The first was Donovan’s 70th birthday, and the second was the Severn Group’s general manager personally agreeing to cooperate with them.

It was definitely a joyous day!

As for Alexander’s previous clash with Donovan, it hardly seemed worth mentioning in the face of these two great news.

“Patrick, call Dad quickly,” Susanne urged, unable to contain her joy. “Share this good news with him! With such a great achievement, he’ll surely take back his orders and allow us back into the Chesire family.”

Patrick nodded and quickly pulled out his phone, trembling with excitement.

At that moment...

Buzz! The phone in his hand suddenly vibrated, and the screen automatically lit up.

It was Zoe, calling them.

“Zoe?” Patrick was shocked, and his initial excitement disappeared when Zoe’s name appeared on the phone screen.

After all, Zoe had been the primary instigator in their expulsion from the Chesire family five years ago.

Arrogant, manipulative, and downright malicious, Zoe resorted to every means to humiliate them during her tenure as the assistant general manager of Chesire Group. She had cut their basic salaries, denied them their rightful commissions, and withheld their due benefits.

“Yes, Miss Chesire?” Patrick greeted cautiously. He could not afford to ignore the call, nor could he bring himself to address her name.

Zoe was in her office at Chesire Group, grabbing her phone and slamming two personnel files onto her desk, her face filled with ruthless determination as she shouted, “Patrick, you and Susanne have been fired from the company! We merely expelled you from the Chesire family, but we still gave you jobs to prevent you from starving. It seems that you’ve mistaken our kindness for weakness!”

Then, she continued, “Do you know what Alexander did at Grandpa’s birthday celebration? He gave Grandpa a casket!”